VIGNETTES

OF

A WHEEL ABROAD.

A.G. COLLINS

LEAVING HAVRE.

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VIGNETTES

OF A

WHEEL ABROAD,

BY

J. G. BURKE,

(One of the Elwell Tourists,)

To which is added a complete Programme
of the

Elwell European Bicycle Tours

FOR 1892.

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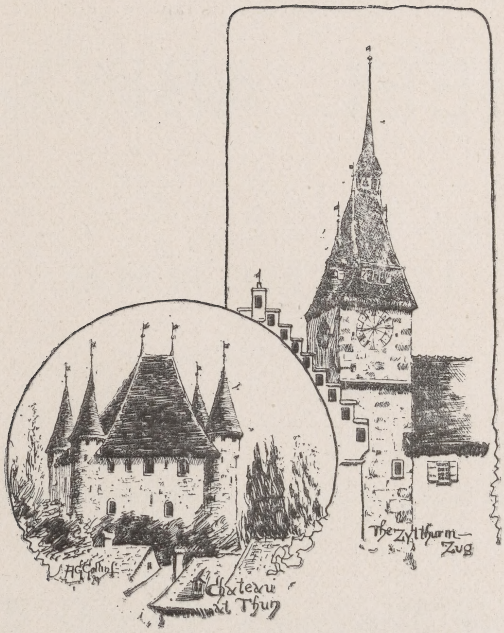
LIBRARIES


The Zytthurm
Zug
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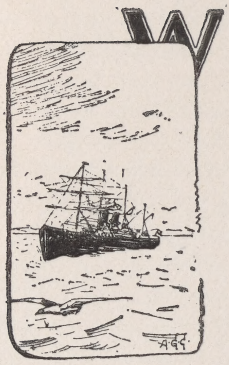
A TASTE OF SALT WATER.



WE were a party of twenty, gathered from all quarters of the Union, ranging in age from sixteen to forty-five, and bound for Europe to test the qualities of its famous highways with the aid of bicycles, and to see and enjoy everything that lay along our line of march, which embraced the countries of France, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Belgium and England.

The Manager had perfected all the details of the tour, and with a feeling of freedom from all responsibility we were prepared to enjoy life to the utmost.

I had carefully directed my steamer trunk and crated wheel to S. S. "La Gascoigne," New York City, given them over to the tender mercies of the American Express Co., and burdened only with a small handbag I left the pleasant city of Elmira on the morning train, and a little before noon walked into the office of the Metropolitan Hotel in New York, and soon found myself shaking hands with and sizing up the component parts of our little party. I will not detain the reader with a description of each member now, but will introduce them as they appear upon the scene of action.

"I have made up my mind not to be seasick," said a stout gentleman, with a dark complexion, about thirty-five years of age, who gave his name as Jackson. "I have never been to sea, but everybody says seasickness is almost entirely a mental disease, and I have a strong will, and don't intend to lose my head or my dinner." I looked at him with admiration and envy.

"I say," cried a short man with glasses who gave his name as Henry Cowper, of Toledo, O., "have you been down to the ship to see if your wheel has arrived all right? I have; mine's there, and all the rest of them, I think. They make a big show piled up in the shed. The man who has charge of them is the biggest Frenchman I ever saw. He talks English, and says they will be put in the hold the very last thing, so that they will not get banged by the other baggage."

"I suppose you know that the boat leaves the pier at five o'clock to-morrow morning," volunteered a young man with a sprouting moustache on his upper lip, who bore the name of Walter Baxter. "I'm

going on board to-night. The streets you have to go through to get to the pier don't look inviting for a midnight walk."

"Boys," quietly broke in a gentleman with iron-gray hair, and a robust physique, "my name's F. H. Robinson; I'm forty-five years of age, hail from Boston, and never was quite so hungry in all my life as I am at the present moment. If there's a restaurant in this hotel I make a motion we adjourn all other business until after dinner."

This was carried without a dissenting voice, and a most pleasant hour was spent in extending our acquaintances with each other, and discussing the excellent fare provided by the Metropolitan cooks.

In the afternoon I had several last purchases to make, and it was six o'clock ere I had provided myself with the various "last things" one always puts off getting until just ready to start. After a light supper, several of us spent the evening at the theatre, and then boarding a horse-car we were soon on our way to Pier 42, where La Gascoigne was found sending forth masses of smoke from her two smoke-stacks, and devouring the huge piles of baggage as though they were sugar-plums.

What an animated scene it was! The crowds of passengers hurrying to and fro, each one full of the importance of the coming voyage, the rumbling of the iron trucks as they were driven up the inclined planes loaded with trunks of every size and shape, the rattle of the hoisting chains, the cries of the stevedores, the cabin stewards laden with hand-baggage, rushing about and designating the staterooms called for by the passengers' tickets,—all this and more, under the glare of the electric light presented to eye and ear a picture of life entirely new in my experience, and it was past midnight ere I followed a dapper little French steward to my appointed berth. In the stateroom with me I found Jackson sleeping the sleep of the tired, and with as little noise as possible I crawled into the box that was to be my resting-place for the next nine days.

A night of dreams in which strange voices and still stranger sounds played prominent parts, and I awoke to the music of the whirling shaft that far below was doing its best to take us to sunny France with neatness and despatch. Jackson was up, full of life and animation.

"Come, get up," he cried as soon as he saw that I was awake. "Fine day, no motion, and Sandy Hook is still in sight. I've had a bath—nothing like a bath every day to keep you in good trim. We breakfast at eight; the steward has assigned us seats together at the middle table. I'm going on deck now to promenade, that's the correct thing, walk a mile before breakfast, eight times round the deck is a mile. See you later." And he vanished into the corridor. Looking around I found my quarters most comfortable. The ventilation was admirable, and to my joy my stomach seemed satisfied with its new experience, and made no complaint.

A beautiful morning it was, that 7th of June. The sun glistened on the dancing waves, and the salt sea breeze blew soft and low over the quarter rail. Everybody was on deck, everybody was happy, and when

the breakfast bell sounded few there were who failed to respond to its cheerful summons.

The dining-room on this boat, as, I presume, on other first-class trans-Atlantic steamers, was very fine, and as one looked over the handsome apartment and its happy occupants it was hard to realize that all this was many miles from land. A most satisfactory meal was served by the best waiters I had ever encountered.

Every man of our party was in his place, and a bright, jolly set they looked, and proved to be.

"I've got an appetite I wouldn't take fifty dollars for," remarked a slender young man whose card read H. P. Hobbs, Erie, Pa. "I was a bit run down this spring and father said I'd better try this trip and see if I couldn't pick up a little. At this rate he won't know me when I get back."

"I like this French way of serving meals," said Cowper, who had "been over" several times. "Everything they have is brought to you, and you can take it or leave it, as you like. On most boats that I have traveled on you have to give your order from the menu card, and the chances are even that you will order just what you don't want."

"Yes, this is fine," said I, "but we can't eat all the time. What's going to be done to kill time between meals?"

"Oh, don't worry about that," said the Manager; "if you play cards there's plenty who will keep you company; if you wish to read, the library is well stocked; you can practice with your Kodaks, or pitch pennies, play ringtoss or shuffleboard, spin yarns, try to get acquainted with the young ladies,— or it may be that you will be willing to spend a day or two in trying to forget you have a stomach, should the weather change."

And as time went on we found he had spoken from the depths of experience. Personally, I enjoyed nothing so much as to recline at ease in a steamer-chair and "plug up" on what I was soon to see, or "swap lies," as Baxter put it, with various members of the party about our experiences of wheel life.

The first cabin list was a very large one, and included the names of many distinguished persons, in every walk of life. Many a delightful chat I enjoyed with a genial Catholic bishop whose deck chair touched mine every morning. He was an old traveller, knew everybody and was full of stories of his experiences which he delighted to relate.

"You see that man," said he, "coming down the deck with the red cap on his head? He's the Russian minister to the United States, going home on a vacation. That's Mark Twain over there with a head of bushy gray hair. He's got his family with him, and intends to spend most of the summer sailing on the rivers of France. That gray-whiskered man is General Chateaubriand, the Indian fighter, and that lady reading the blue-covered book in the shadow of the life-boat is one of the greatest pianist now living."

In such distinguished company I began to feel a sense of importance, as though I had imbibed some of the greatness that was so freely walk-

ing about the ship, and was only brought back to a realizing sense of my obscurity, when I tried to figure out what I had actually done to entitle me to fame. That our party was attracting much interest from the novelty of our trip, and that I was one of the party, was all I could find to be proud of. But this gave us some little prominence and we made the most of it, thereby making many pleasant acquaintances.

The morning of the fourth day out, I awoke with a confused idea that I had been taking degrees in some society, where being stood on one's head is a qualifying process. Everything in the room seemed animated with life. The clothing against the wall would swing out into the air in a straight line from the hooks, retaining that position for an instant and then fall back into place. My steamer trunk was punching Jackson's valise in a vicious manner, only to receive the same treatment in the next round; the brushes in the glasses were dancing a lively jig, while from distant parts of the ship came sounds like breaking crockery. My berth was crosswise of the boat, and as she rolled from side to side I was first on my head and then on my heels. I noticed that Jackson was awake, and that he had a frightened but determined look in his eye.

"This looks like rough weather, Jack," (we had cut short the names of most of the party before we were two days out) said I. "Guess I'll stay just where I am, as my faith in my stomach is not very strong, and I am pretty comfortable here."

"Ye-e-s," said Jackson, "we must have struck a gale of wind. But I shall get up and go on deck. That's the way to do. Brave it out. Seasickness is a mental disease. Don't think of it and you're all right. I shall go to breakfast as usual, and you'd better do the same."

With this he clambered out of the top berth getting sundry whacks from the side boards in his descent.

To watch him dress was as comical a performance as I ever witnessed. In the act of pulling on a garment he would be pitched headlong into a spare berth on one side, and while brushing his teeth he poured half a glass of water down his neck. Soon he began to feel a little queer, but shut his teeth and kept at his toilet. While bending over to lace his shoes the motion got the upper hand, and with a cry of anguish he plunged into the spare berth, breathing hard and with the cold sweat standing on his forehead.

At that instant, little Cobb of Kansas City, stuck his head into our stateroom, crying out as he did so: "Aint this jolly! Big swell on; lots of people sick — but I'm not. Have just got up from the breakfast table — only four of our fellows there. Come, Jack, get up and go on deck, and you'll feel fit as a fiddle in no time."

"I will," said Jackson, crawling out as he spoke. "I was foolish enough to give way to my feelings when I was lacing my shoes, but I sha'n't again. Here goes for the deck." And I saw him no more till evening.

All day I rocked back and forth, and thought of what I had read about life on the great trans-Atlantic liners: floating palaces, all the comforts of a first-class hotel, etc., and I wondered how much patron-

age a hotel would get that had a habit of rocking at an angle of forty-five degrees. The attentive steward brought me all I dared to eat. I read little and slept more, and so the day wore on.

Towards evening there was a commotion in the passage-way, and in a moment poor Jackson, assisted by Cobb and Baxter, plunged into the room, and with a groan droppped upon the couch.

"The sickest man aboard ship," explained Baxter, as he pulled off Jack's boots. "We got him on deck, put him in a steamer-chair, and there he's stayed all day, so sick he couldn't move. Robinson asked him why he didn't exert his strong will power, and frown it down, but he was too sick to get mad, and looked up with such a sickly smile that Robinson begged his pardon."

"Boys," said Jackson, between his gasps, "I could have stood it all if I hadn't run against that young French woman. She came out of an alley-way just as I came down the stairs, and when the ship rolled I dove at her, head on, and judging from where we came together I am afraid she lost her breath for the moment. But she got it again, and gave me the biggest tongue lashing I ever had in my life. I aint up in French, but I didn't have to be to understand her feelings towards me and I couldn't get on my legs again to save my soul. If you two boys hadn't come along and picked me up, I should have expired with mortification. I never realized the length of that corridor until then. Thank you, yes, if you'll help me off with my clothes I'll go to bed and stay there till it quiets down. My! how mad that woman was; and only yesterday she smiled on me, and asked me to pass the mustard in the sweetest kind of broken English. I fully expected to — but this ends all that.." And, still assisted by his faithful friends, he passed into the upper regions, and save an occasional sigh I heard no more from him that night.

This little touch of rough weather lasted but twenty hours, and again the sun shone and everybody was happy. The excitement of a passing ship, a school of porpoises tumbling about the bow, and the spouting of a whale, furnished some exterior entertainment, while on board music, games, flirtations, etc., passed the time merrily. One evening we enjoyed a grand concert given by the members of an operatic company who were aboard, and on another evening Mark Twain told stories, and original poems were read for the benefit of a seaman's home, located in some remote part of the globe.

But, however pleasant a voyage may be, the pleasantest part is the coming into port. The eighth day out we began to meet many steamers and sailing craft, and knew we must be approaching the English Channel. Soon a lighthouse rose up out of the sea, and the Scilly Islands gladdened our eyes with a sight of land. A foggy night up the Channel, followed by a glorious day, and then we anchored off the great French seaport of Havre. It was Sunday afternoon when La Gascoigne was towed through the great stone docks to her berth at the pier of the French trans-Atlantic Co., and it is hardly necessary to say that everybody was on deck as we moved towards the city. If the pas-

sengers were eager to get on board at New York they were doubly eager to get off at Havre, and the rushing about, and collecting together of personal property that had got scattered over the ship, was something most amusing.

As our little party was not burdened with useless impedimenta, and as we were not intending to catch the express train to Paris, but instead, take our time on the road, we gathered about the rail and looked with all the eyes in our heads at the panorama passing before us.

From pictures, and what I had read in books and been told by my friends who had been over the continent, I was in a measure prepared for what was now before me, and I was glad to find that my first impressions were beyond my expectations. I noted with wonder and admiration the magnificent piers of solid stone, running far out into the harbor, so different from our nightmares of wooden pilings. I saw with delight that the architecture was fully as quaint and old as I had fondly expected it to be, and that the entire life, both on land and water, was most deliciously foreign. It seemed as though the entire city was out to see us come in; the piers and docks were crowded with people and the lively strains of a brass band could be heard in the distance. But more than all else was I elated at the appearance of the city streets, as seen from the steamer; and on nearer acquaintance they fulfilled every promise. I will not attempt to describe them, but simply say they were perfect. Such roads I had dreamed of but never seen before. Many wheelmen were dashing about, and I thought of my wheel in the hold, and burned with eagerness to be with them. My companions were as excited as myself, and questions and exclamations came thick and fast.

"Just look at those streets!" shouted Erastus Barlow. "If they are like that all the way to Paris, what a picnic we will have." Erastus was from Illinois, and was nicknamed "Billy," in short order.

"Now, gentlemen," said the Manager, "I am going to be the first man ashore, to see that everything is all right. I've made arrangements for the free entry of the wheels, and unless you are burdened with pistols or tobacco you need have no fear of the custom-house. Have your trunks examined, then have them stacked up together, and by that time I'll have the Frascati coach at the door of the custom-house, and we'll go up to the hotel in style."

Under the leadership of Robinson we followed the Manager's suggestions to the letter. Our steamer trunks contained very little besides our bicycling clothes, and were chalked in short order. Before the last trunk was passed the Frascati omnibus rattled up, and elbowing our way through the crowded room, followed by a long string of porters carrying the party's trunks, we were soon rolling through the busy streets, the driver cracking his whip, and clearing the road as though he had a first mortgage on the right of way.

Our party completely filled the coach, both inside and out, and as few of the members could refrain from giving vent to exclamations expressive of their delight at their novel surroundings, the populace

gazed with some interest at the cargo of jolly Americans that had invaded their city.

The Frascati is an enormous summer hotel, located on one side of the city close to the water's edge. Our rooms were awaiting us, and we were soon initiated into the manners and customs of a "swell" French hotel.

"Table d'hote is ready," said the conductor of our little party, when we had assembled in the reading-room.

Over the polished wood floors we slid and slipped till we came to the grand dining hall. Its size was immense, its decorations, of crimson and gold, were sumptuous, and the waiters in full dress had the air of those who wait only on royalty. As dinner had been served for us at an unusual hour we were the only guests, and unused to so much space and splendor we hardly dared to speak while partaking of the excellent soup that soon made its appearance, fearful lest we should violate some of the local proprieties, and so discover our low origin to the argus-eyed and velvet-footed attendants. The funereal silence was at last broken by little Cobb who ventured to ask in a low voice: "Gentlemen, has anyone seen the corpse?"

Whereat we laughed, at first softly and timidly; but soon we grew braver, and our first meal on French soil ended most merrily.

"The wheels have arrived," said Baxter, as we sat watching the sun set in the bosom of the ocean, a novel sight to all of us save Lewis, who hailed from 'Frisco.

"I wouldn't bother with them to-night," suggested Robinson. "There's all to-morrow forenoon to get them into shape. Let's divide into small parties and 'do' the town."

What I saw that night that I had never seen before, both in quantity and variety, would weary me to relate, and the reader to hear.

At a late hour Jackson and I wended our way to room 213, and were soon in dreamland, where steamboats, donkeys, custom-house officers, pretty French bonnes, majestic head-waiters, billiard-board streets, concert gardens and roaring songs in a strange tongue were mingled together in the most wonderful manner.

The following morning, we took our bicycles from the crates, put them together and dashed in glee over the smooth surface of the streets of Havre.

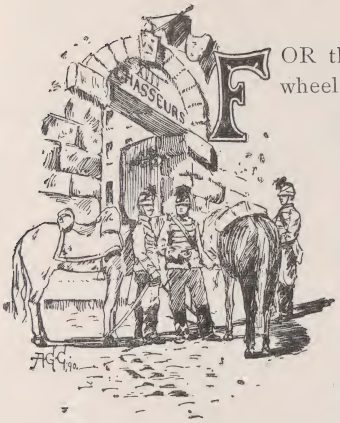
Assured that both wheels and roads were to our hearts' desire, we put our bundles on our luggage-carriers and with laugh and song took our course toward Paris.

At the top of the first hill, I dismounted and took a last look at the scenes we were leaving behind. Beyond a green, fertile intervale marked off by long rows of waving willows, the city spires stood out sharp and distinct in the clear air, through which countless columns of smoke were slowly drifting upward. With my small field glass I could see La Gascoigne at her berth, preparing for the return voyage. In the near harbor were crafts of every shape, size and rig, hailing from all parts of

the earth; far away on the horizon's edge the blue Atlantic sparkled in the bright June sunshine. It was a beautiful picture, and I felt its charms. But I had had enough of old Ocean for the present. My thoughts were ever on the fruitful fields of France, the snow-capped Alps and the storied Rhine. Turning, I saw the last of the party disappearing around a bend in the road far below. Mounting once more I gave the wheel free rein and swiftly followed on.

DRAWBRIDGE OF FRENCH WALLED TOWN.

OVER THE GOLDEN SLOPE.



FOR three weeks we had tasted the joys of a wheel through the fair lands of France. We had climbed up and coasted down the hills of Normandy, had stopped at old Rouen, scaled its lofty spire, and at last, on the Grand Terrace at St. Germain, had caught our first view of Paris in the shape of the Eiffel Tower, that loomed up above the intervening hills, fifteen miles away. We gave a week to Paris, a week of endless sight-seeing, and pleasure only to be found in that gay city. This over, we again donned our 'cycling suits, and dashed through the grand old forest of Fontainebleau, over roads that could not be improved. Halting here for a day, we visited the palace, teeming with memories of by-gone royalty, and then through picturesque villages, and quaint walled towns, by the banks of beautiful rivers, and over high plateaus, we had come to Dijon, the chief city of old Burgundy.

On our ride thus far we had been favored with good weather, and had enjoyed our out-of-door life to the utmost. Early in the tour we had each found our affinities among the members of the party, and so, whether on the road or strolling about the towns after the day's run was over, we were almost always divided into small groups of two, three or four.

The riding pace of the company varied greatly, and it was agreement in this respect that had much to do in the selection of chums. My companion when on the road was young Baxter, oftener than anyone else, as we both enjoyed an easy pace with frequent halts to "view the landscape o'er," and our ideas were in harmony on many things. At the hotels I roomed with Jackson, who was one of the scorchers, and always arrived in town ahead of time.

After breakfast, we started as soon as we felt like it, the slow riders generally leading off, while the fast men would dally about the town for some time longer, and then come flying along at a twelve-mile-an-hour

clip, and beat the rest of the party in, whereat they took great credit to themselves, though I do not remember that anyone envied them this honor. While en route no one would imagine we were as large a party as we actually were, as at no time were more than half-a-dozen to be seen together, and frequently Baxter and myself seemed to be the only Americans in the country. This was a good arrangement in every way, as it enabled one to choose his own pace, select his own road-mate, and in fact be as independent as though he was touring alone, with the comfortable feeling that before and behind him were fellow-countrymen who were all bound for the same goal as himself, and if he wished companionship or aid, he had but to wait for some of them to overtake him, or keep on with the assurance that at a certain hotel in a certain town he would find the entire party. As we rolled along through the villages we would find others of the party seated around some little cafe indulging in bottled lemonade, or water flavored with fruit syrups. A shout of welcome, a renewal of refreshments, and again we would separate, the first party taking up the line of march, while we would linger longer, often to catch other friends who had been behind us.

Our day's ride was usually accomplished in half a day, and in all cases we had ample time in which to do the allotted distance, and see what was worth seeing in the various stopping-places. My friend Jackson was a great fellow to nose out the wonderful objects and localities in town, and his usual greeting was: "Burke, if you want to see the most wonderful thing you ever beheld, just you come with me."

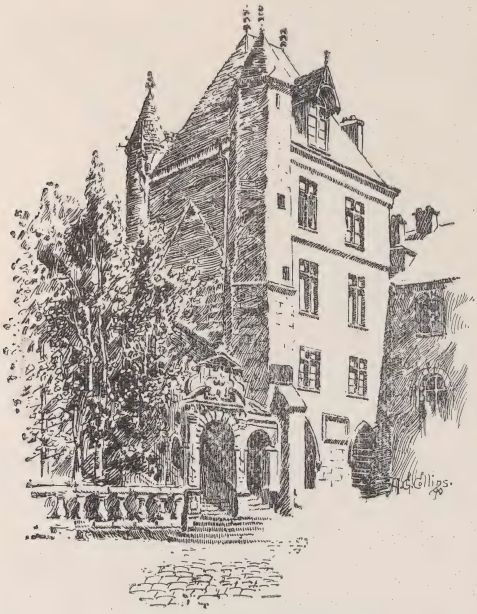
A HALT BY THE WAY.

Sometimes this "wonderful thing" was an old church, an old woman, an odd bit of architecture, or a pretty girl selling fruit in the market-place.

But all this is a digression. Suffice it to say that we had found the tour a most delightful outing up to date and, as I said before, had landed safely in the grand hotel "De la Cloche" at Dijon on the ever glorious Fourth of July.

Here we celebrated in grand style with toasts, speeches, and fireworks. The Manager in his little speech on this occasion informed us that the following day our way would lead along the famous Golden Slope of Burgundy, where grew the vines that furnished some of the most noted wine in the world.

"You will find," he said, "your way to be gradually up hill the next few days. Day after to-morrow you will catch your first glimpse of the Jura Mountains, on the other side of which is Switzerland. The scenery will, from now on, be more imposing than any we have yet enjoyed."



PALACE OF THE DUKES OF BURGUNDY.

Baxter, little Cobb and I started early the following morning, as the day appeared likely to be warm, and we wished to take advantage of the coolest part of it. The city was hardly astir as we threaded the narrow streets and passed into the open country. It was the time of strawberries and new-mown hay, and the air was heavy with perfume. On the side of a hill we caught our first view of the vineyards. An old woman at that early hour was working among the vines.

"If that's a vineyard," said little Cobb, "I don't think much of it. I always had an idea that a vineyard was a handsome thing to look at, trailing vines running over trellises, and great clusters of grapes hanging down, enough to make your mouth water, but this looks like a tomato patch."

And truth to tell, a vineyard is not picturesque. The vines are trained on stakes in regular rows, and these stakes are fully as prominent as the vines A wheat field is far more beautiful.

The mist was now rising from the river, disclosing the cultivated banks of the further side. The different crops were planted in long, narrow, sharply defined strips, each strip of different color. The various shades of green, yellow and red alternated with each other in a way to produce a most charming effect.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Baxter. "It looks like the show window of a ribbon store on a gigantic scale."

While admiring the view there was a sound of voices behind, and three wheelmen could be seen approaching at a rapid rate.

"By George!" said Cobb, who prided himself in being one of the first in at the end of a run, "if there aint Jackson, Barlow and the Artist. If they think they are going to catch me they are mistaken. Good-bye, boys. I'm going to cut out a pace that will make them 'hiper'."

Cobb was only nineteen, a boy brimful of life, and to fly over the smooth roads on his easy-running wheel was to him one of the greatest joys of the tour. He and Jackson, who was nearly double his age, had frequent brushes on the road, in friendly rivalry, and as Jack and the others swept by, Jack called out:

"Cobbie thinks he's going to get to Dole, first, don't he?"

"Strawberries for the crowd that he does," said I.

"Done," cried Jack over his shoulder, and put his nose down to the handle-bar.

"Well, the racers have got an early start to-day," said Baxter. "I don't see what fun they find in it. And I don't see what you wanted to bet for."

"Just for fun," I replied.

Baxter looked puzzled, and turned again to the scenes about him."

"A beautiful country, Baxter," I remarked, seeing that it was the thing he had in mind.

"Yes, too beautiful for such wicked people as the French," replied Baxter.

"What do you mean?" I cried. "I wasn't aware the French were

AMONG THE VINES.

worse than other people. On the contrary, haven't we found them very kind and courteous?"

"Why, see how they keep Sunday," explained my companion. "It's a regular holiday. Think what a gala day it was when we came into Havre, boat races, bands playing, and everybody having a good time.

In Paris, some go to mass in the morning, but *everybody* goes to some place of amusement in the afternoon, and they say it's so all over France. Of course the Lord will punish them sometime, even if He does give them such a beautiful country to live in."

I had not realized how very strange these things had seemed to Walter, until he made the above remarks. It appeared that his folks were Baptists, and he had been brought up strong in their doctrines. Educated by a private tutor, this was the first time he had been over a hundred miles from home, and here he found an entire nation doing what he had been taught to believe was the acme of iniquity.

"Walter," I remarked, "I didn't realize how strange these things must appear to you. But I am afraid your views of life would seem equally strange to a Frènchman."

"That's because he's not been brought up right," said Baxter.

"I suppose so," said I, dropping the subject which I did not feel capable of settling to our satisfaction.

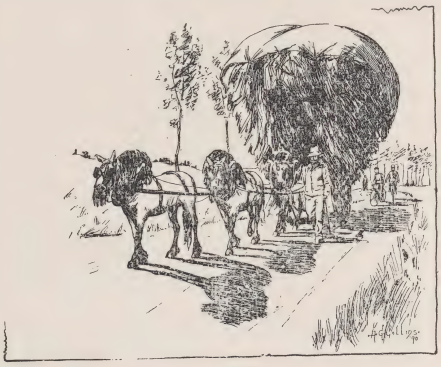
Our road now ran between rows of Lombardy poplars through which

AN AVENUE OF LOMBARDY POPLARS.

the sun shot long bars of light across the smooth highway. The farm laborers in this country do not live on the farms, but in compact villages,

(which are generally situated about six miles apart) and the field of their labor is often three or four miles from home. We now began to meet them on their way to their day's work. They were in huge carts, drawn by stalwart horses, and bade us good morning in a most cordial manner.

"What a load!" cried Baxter as a moving mountain of hay appeared around a bend in the road, drawn by three horses tandem. "There's four tons there, if there's one. I live in a hay country, but I never saw a load like that. If that aint a good argument for the improvement of highways, I don't know what is. Such a load as that in Cherry Valley couldn't be hauled by twice the number of horses, and the rough roads would cause it to tip over if they attempted it."



A BIG LOAD.

And so we pedaled on, finding at every turn something to interest or amuse.

Feeling hungry on account of our early breakfast we halted at a farmhouse, and for a few cents were given all the bread and milk we could eat. This we found by experience to be the best form of refreshment that we could take while on the road.

The old town of Dole, where we halted that night, is situated at the beginning of the foothills that lead up to the Juras. Our hotel was a good one, but Jackson and I were assigned a room in the "Annex," across the street, located on the ground floor. The following morning happened to be market day when all the peasants come in from the surrounding country to sell the products of their farms, and hucksters of every description erect stalls in which to display their wares. I was awakened by the sound of hammering, and on getting up found that three women had erected a booth on the sidewalk in front of our door, which in all probability was seldom used.

There were no curtains and we performed our toilet in as unostentatious a manner as possible, and then, unlocking the door, stepped directly into the booth, to the utter amazement of the occupants, who were trying to sell gingerbread sweetened with honey to the crowd which was beginning to fill the streets.

Jackson placed his hand on his heart, and with a low bow said: "Pardon me, ladies, for this seeming intrusion, but as there is no back door we are forced to crawl under your canopy in order to get to breakfast. I regret that I can't talk French,—in fact, have regretted it for a month, but you must take the will for the deed. *Au revoir*, mesdames," and then we both ducked under the side of the booth, and hastened to

the hotel, leaving the "ladies" laughing as though they would die.

Jackson did not succeed in catching little Cobb before he reached Dole, and consequently it devolved on him to furnish a feast of strawberries for the party.

On the main street, drawn up in a long line, were scores of old women, each one immaculate in white caps and clean aprons, at whose feet were baskets containing cherries, strawberries, cauliflowers, butter, eggs, etc.

As we sallied out to see Jackson negotiate for the treat, the old ladies smiled on us, and called attention to the contents of their baskets.

"Better let me do the buying," said the Artist, who had lived a year in Paris and could talk French. "They'll 'stick' you as sure as fate."

"No, sir," replied Jackson. "These are honest countrywomen, who wouldn't overcharge anyone. I'm going to do my own buying. Just you watch me."

Advancing to a motherly old lady who had strawberries for sale, he picked up the basket, with one hand, and offered her some money with the other. With much chattering — she had no teeth — she handed back the change, extolling the excellence of the berries, which she said were picked that morning.

"What did they cost?" said the Artist.

"Let's see," mused Jack; "I gave her twenty-five francs and she has given me back twelve francs. Thirteen francs is about two dollars and a half. That *was* pretty high, wasn't it?"

"Rather, said the Artist, drily. "Just about five francs too much. The other old ladies, who were jealous of the good sale she was making, called her a cheat for charging you so much, but she told them you were very wealthy and would never know the difference."

"Oh, well," said Jack, somewhat mollified by the compliment to his financial condition, "let her have all she can get. It'll be all the same a hundred years from now."

"What can you expect of a people who play on the Sabbath," remarked Baxter, as we were returning to the hotel. "She probably thought it was all right to cheat Jack."

At the breakfast table it was decided we should stay where we were for the forenoon, and enjoy the sights to be seen on a French market day. The boys bought gingerbread and other goodies, rode on the flying horses, paid fifty centimes to see the wonderful tattooed man, and were themselves as much objects of interest to the people, as any of the tent attractions.

One young man was trying to sell a new kind of cigarette paper, made of asbestos, that fire would not burn. To illustrate its efficiency he would roll a cigarette, and smoke while he was extolling the virtues of the paper.

"Good people," he cried, "this is a wonderful invention. No more need you injure your health by inhaling burning paper. See, only the tobacco is consumed, The paper burns not. It comes from the land

of the Chinese, who keep its manufacture a secret. That is why a Chinaman can smoke all the time and not injure his health. It is difficult to get this wonderful paper, and I fear I shall not be able to secure more when this is gone. The wise will buy quickly."

Just then the face of the young man turned pale. He had smoked too many cigarettes to advertise his paper, and in an instant he was the sickest man I had seen since Jackson's little tiff with Father Neptune. The people roared with laughter at his misery.

"Truly a wonderful paper," cried one.

"Is it Chinese tobacco you use?" said another.

"How good it must be for the health," called out a third.

Robinson stepped into the hotel, re-appeared with a flask of brandy, and handed it to the dealer in asbestos. Murmuring his thanks he took a goodly dose, and soon felt better. But his chances for trade were gone in that locality, and he soon packed up and disappeared.

The next three days were up and down the Juras. The appearance of the country and inhabitants began to undergo a decided change. The men we met on the road were all short, thickset, sturdy persons; the cattle, without exception, were cream color, which struck us as very odd. How they manage to eliminate every other color I cannot imagine. The highway was full of racks, piled high with new-mown hay, which was being harvested by the entire population, men, women, girls, boys, and I might say babies, too, for they were omnipresent.

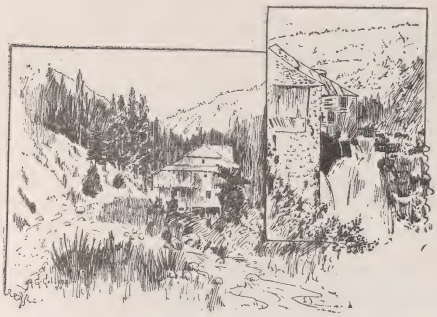
This scene of rural life, set off by a background of pine-clad mountains, made a beautiful picture. The bright colors of the peasants, the mountains of hay, the tinkling of the cow bells (carefully tuned to different keys) the low, thatched cottages, an occasional castle perched on some lofty eminence, sharply defined against the sky, the mountains wrapped in a purple haze, and over all a glorious summer sun, combined to create a sensation as though I was passing through a land that I had often imagined in boyish day-dreams but never expected to see in this work-a-day world.

The past and its cares were forgotten, and it was a joyous company that wound their way up the mountain-side.

The skilful engineering of the great national highway was a constant source of wonder. So evenly was the grade preserved that unless one

looked back it was difficult to believe that we were steadily going up hill, save for the extra effort.

We were soon in the forest; the sound of waterfalls, the clatter of saw mills, and the balsamic odor of new cut pine and spruce replaced that of the hayfields.



IN THE JURAS.

Then a long coast down into the heart of the mountains, and we found ourselves in a little city completely hemmed in by the hills, for the Juras are like a double tooth, with deep valleys in the center.

In this isolated, yet bustling place, we spent the Sabbath. The people were greatly surprised at such an influx of foreigners, and we had the doubtful honor of being followed by crowds of children whenever we appeared on the streets. As I was sitting on one of the stone railings of the bridge that spans a swiftly-moving stream, a pleasant-faced man, in a peasant's blouse, sat down beside me and opened conversation.

"You came from England?" he said in an inquiring tone of voice.

"No," replied I; "we came from America."

"From America! Why, that is beyond the great ocean."

"Yes, three thousand miles."

"Ah! it must be a great thing to travel. But it costs much money. I shall never travel.

"Have you never been away from here?" I asked.

"Yes; once I went to Champagnole, (a town fifteen miles away.) But my son! ah! he was in the army and has been to Marseilles. And you, do you go to Italy on your velocipedes?"

"No, we go to Germany."

The old man's face darkened. "It is perhaps right for Americans, but when a Frenchman goes to Germany he goes with a gun."

It seemed incredible that this men, who seemed well informed in many things, reading Le Petit Journal every day, should never have been away from this pocket in the mountains.

While we were talking the sun had dropped behind the mountains, and darkness settled over the little town. We shook hands to separate when a shouting in the street caused us to look up. As I did so I saw what appeared to be an immense star slowly drifting over the mountain-top, and coming towards the town. The cries of the first observers filled the street with an excited multitude, and as everybody was giving his opinion in regard to the phenomenon the star began to send forth balls of fire of various colors.

"Ah," said a French officer who was looking on, "it is a war bal-

loon, sailing towards Switzerland. They see the lights of the city and salute us."

Whereat Roman candles were produced and the salute returned with interest.

The spectacle afforded by this display of fireworks at such a great height without visible cause was most beautiful. As the balloon disappeared from sight, I started to return to the hotel when a new cry arose. The people were all running up the street from whence the cry came. Then a young man, minus a hat and with his long hair flying, came running towards us from out the crowd.

"He is dead! he is dead!" he cried. "My God, how could he have fallen?" and he rushed past us down the long street.

"It is his brother," said another man, hurrying after him. "They were coming down the mountain and while watching the fire in the air he did not notice his steps and went over the precipice, a thousand feet."

And then the throng that but a moment before was laughing at the balloon, came solemnly back, many of them in tears, for the dead man was a favorite, while the black-robed priests marched beside the bier.

When finally the excitement was all over our little party sought repose, for on the morrow we were to climb the outer wall of the Juras and descend to the city of Geneva, where our trunks and mail, which we had been without for ten days, were awaiting us.

With the first tinkling of the cow-bells I arose and hastened to see what of the day, for to be caught on the road by a storm while crossing the mountains would be anything but pleasant — to say nothing of spoiling the view that the Manager had been extolling ever since we left Dijon. To my joy not a cloud was to be seen. The little city was still in semi-darkness, but rays of light were darting over the mountain tops, giving promise of a glorious day. The breakfast bell rang while we were dressing, and descending I found the party up and strapping their bundles on their wheels with more than customary care, for we had a coast of ten miles before us, and mishaps might prove serious.

The road leading over the mountain is one maintained by the French government for military purposes, and evidently neither money nor skill were stinted in its construction. It is fifty feet broad, hard and smooth its entire width, and the precipice side is guarded by a solid wall of earth three feet high. Its grade is uniform, and kept at an angle that will allow cannon to be taken over it with the greatest ease. The ordinary wants of commerce would never support such a highway, and for once we profited by the demands of war.

The majority of the party walked the greater part of the ascent, but Barlow rode to the summit without a dismount.

The top of the mountain was level and forest-clad, and for a long distance we experienced the pleasures of a ride over a magnificent road at a height of five thousand feet. Every turn in the road presented the most superb views of mountains and valleys. Frequently we would stop and gaze far down into the green vales below, where the grazing

cattle appeared no larger than ants and the musical tinkling of whose bells was wafted upward — clear, but far away.

"Sounds like fairy bells on moonlight nights," said Hobbs, as he leaned over the parapet.

"Ever come across any fairy bell-ringers, Hobbs?" quizzed Lewis, who was busy getting his Kodak ready for a shot.

"Never you mind," retorted Hobbs. "I know how they ought to sound even if I never heard them."

Robinson and I started on ahead after one of these halts, and nearing a huge cliff we noticed that the road dipped down and around it. As we swung around the cliff a sight met our view that instantly elicited a shout of ecstasy, and caused a hasty dismount.

BONNIVARD'S PRISON—CASTLE OF CHILLON.

There, full before us, was the promised land. We had reached the Swiss side at last, the earth dropped three thousand feet almost directly beneath us, and far as the eye could see was a green and fertile valley

dotted with red-roofed villages, blossoming orchards and vari-colored farmlands, that at our great height looked as regular and smooth as a checker-board. In the centre of the picture was the beautiful Lake of Geneva, blue as the sky above, stretching away to the left until lost among the mountains. To the right, we could see the glittering roofs of the city of Geneva, ten miles away, and beyond all the great snow-capped head of old Mt. Blanc was reaching into the clouds.

I had many times felt the influence of a beautiful landscape, but this impressed me as I had never been impressed before. It seemed like a new world, and I fancied I experienced some of the sensations of Columbus, Balboa, and other great discoverers. The party had been coming up by twos and threes while we sat gazing, and every new arrival gave vent to exclamations expressive of their surprise and appreciation of the unexpected sight.

"And is that our road?" asked the Artist, as he put up his sketch book, and pointed to a white line that curved and twisted about the mountain like a great snake.

"I shall never dare to go down on the bicycle," said Lewis; "I didn't come all the way from California to fall over a precipice."

"Gentlemen," said the Manager, "the road is all right. The grade is the same all the way down, and unless you should lose control of your wheel you need have no fear. Let every man test his brake before starting, and see that everything is right. Keep at least one hundred feet apart, and sound your bell when going round the curves. Mr. Jackson, will you lead the way?"

It fell to me to be the last but one, the Manager, and with brake set hard I slowly slid down the sinuous highway. Far below I could see the head of the line whirling about the curves, and the tooting of the "squawkers" and ringing of bells was incessant, Many times I dismounted as a turn in the road revealed new vistas of surpassing beauty, and it was one o'clock ere I wheeled through the broad, clean streets of Geneva, crossed the arrowy Rhone, and arrived safe and sound at the Grand Hotel Metropole, where the rest of the party greeted me with three cheers as the last man in. All in all it was the grandest ride I ever enjoyed, and the memory of it will be a lasting joy.

In The Black Forest.

FROM THE ALPS TO THE OCEAN.

SWITZERLAND is the most beautiful land that our party visited while touring in Europe. I give this as my personal opinion, but feel confident that nearly, if not all, my companions would say the same. Its scenery possesses every gradation from the pastoral beauty of its meadows and orchards to the sublime grandeur of its snow-capped mountains. Its lakes are of the most heavenly blue, its waterfalls as beautiful as a dream, while its ravines, gorges, and passes disclose visions of beauty at every turn of the road,—and the road is continually turning. Well might Cooper, the great American novelist, declare it to be "The noblest of all earthly regions."

Here, also, one realizes that the words "liberty, equality and fraternity," have a real meaning, and an American feels at once that he is in a familiar atmosphere.

The hotels are the best in the world, and the wants of the traveller are most carefully looked after.

The roads, while not equal to some of the finest in France, are most excellent and kept in constant repair.

We enjoyed our stop of two days in Geneva, for it is a most charming city. At one end the blue waters of Lake Leman ripple against its massive stone embankments, and at the other the river Rhone darts under its bridges with the speed of a race horse, hastening to mingle its clear green waters with the muddy current of the sluggish Arve. The city abounds in elegant hotels, nearly all facing the lake. There are numerous fine cafes which at night are brilliant with lights and vocal with music. After a day spent in the regular round of sight-seeing and shopping it was most refreshing to indulge in an ice cream and listen to the music, at one of these places. The sidewalk in front of the cafes are filled with chairs and tables, and here one can sit in the open air and watch the life of the city go by, while over the waters of the lake the moon casts its silvery rays.

But my purpose is not to describe the life or sights of the cities we visited. This has all been done time and again by the ablest writers, and our experiences were the same as those of all travellers.

ON LAKE LEMAN.

It was astonishing, however, to note the difference between the feelings with which our party attacked the necessary round of sight-seeing and those of the ordinary railroad tourist, whom we met at the great centres and many of whom had friends in our party. Fresh from several days' wheeling through the country where life in the open air and early hours, combined with healthful exercise, served to keep us in the best of health and spirits, we would arrive at a city eager to grasp all that it had to offer for pleasure or profit. Strong in wind and limb, picture galleries and church spires were conquered with the greatest ease and keenest enjoyment. The railroad traveller, on the contrary, hurries from one city to another without change or rest. All cities soon begin to look alike, and it is with the greatest effort he can drag himself over the beaten paths indicated in the guide books.

At Cologne I met a lady and her daughter in front of the cathedral, (the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in Europe,) each with a red-covered guide book in their hands, and a look of great weariness on their faces.

"Mary," said the elder lady, "why don't you look at the cathedral?"

"Oh, bother the cathedral! I'm so tired I can't look up. When I get back to the hotel I'll read up about it, and that will do just as well."

This is an honest fact, and will illustrate how irksome continual sight-seeing becomes when unrelieved by necessary rest.

"It's decided we go to Chamouni," said the Artist, as I returned to the Metropole from a hunt after a music-box for a friend at home.

It was fifty miles to Chamouni, and we did it in a day. Shortly after leaving the city the road passes through a valley with mountains on either hand. Perched high up on the sides of these mountains were

seen villages, located on platform-like projections. It seemed a mystery how they could be reached by anything less agile than a chamois, or what inducement there could be to build houses in such places.

"Looks for all the world like a picture-book," said Harry Lane, who was riding at my side.

New pictures of like character were continually presenting themselves all the forenoon. At a place called Sallanches we took dinner, and then began our long climb into the vale of Chamouni. A steady up grade for two hours had about exhausted my powers when looking up I saw a vast river of ice right in front. This I knew at once must be the Glacier des Bossons, and that Chamouni was close at hand.

Did it pay to climb up into this valley three thousand feet above the sea? Yes, many times over. Here was the culmination of the grandest scenery on the entire trip. As I looked out of my window the morning following our arrival at the Imperial Hotel, Mt. Blanc in all its awful majesty and beauty filled the view, not a speck or cloud on its mantle of snow, and for that spectacle alone I would have walked up hill a week.

STATUE OF WILLIAM TELL.

The trip of the day was to be over the Mer de Glace. After breakfast we started full of life and animation. How we waked the echoes in the clear morning air as we wended our way up to Le Montanvert, where the passage of the great ice river begins. We were not quite so chipper when we reached this place as at the beginning, but one look at the glittering spectacle told us we had not come in vain. There it was, shining splendidly in the morning sun, wave on wave of ice and snow.

With stockings drawn over our shoes to keep from slipping we went up and down over the icy billows till we gained the opposite shore, and then down over the narrow moraine by the *Mauvais Pas*, (and a "bad way" it certainly is), holding on to the iron railing for grim death, real-

izing that a tumble here meant a "coast" into eternity. We found the valley road at last and reached the hotel with another link in our chain of red-letter days, and appetites that the table d'hote had difficulty in satisfying.

Were I to give a detailed account of all we saw and enjoyed on our ride through the valleys, over the hills and along the lakes of the mountain republic the reader would imagine that we had spent months instead of weeks in this delightful land, so full of incident was every day. There is not one spot visited by us that is not looked back upon with loving remembrance.

One Sunday found us in Murren, the highest village in Switzerland. From our balcony (many of the Swiss hotels have a balcony to each room) we could look across the valley of the Lauterbrummen to a mighty barrier of white-clad peaks from whose sides immense masses of snow were constantly falling with a rumbling roar, and waterfalls were dropping into the valley below to be lost in a cloud of mist ere they reached the bottom.

VIEW AT MURREN.

At Interlaken the fine hotels all had extensive grounds in front full of the rarest shrubs and plants. One beautiful moonlight night our

party sat on the hotel piazza and listened to a company of strolling singers, who sang remarkably well, the while we regaled ourselves with ices and the grand spectacle of the white peak of the Jungfrau sparkling in the moon's rays. The night was very warm, the air laden with the odor of roses, and it required but little imagination on my part to fancy myself in some tropical land where it was always afternoon.

I remember with keenest pleasure our rides along the Alpine lakes, by whose shores the road dipped up and down, in and out, under galleries cut out of the solid rock, and over mountain torrents dashing white with foam into the blue waters of the lake.

From the top of the Rigi we watched the mist unfurl, and all the glorious panorama of mountain, plain, and silver lakes entranced our gaze.

At Lucerne we heard the great organ, walked through the old wooden bridge and gazed with wonder and admiration at the wonderful lion of Thorwaldsen cut out of the face of a solid sandstone rock. This mas-

THE LION OF LUCERNE.

terpiece of design and execution created a profound impression, and alone was worth coming three thousand miles to see.

A delightful ride along the lake of Zug to the old town of that name, then on to the handsome city of Zurich beautifully situated by the lake, as are most of the Swiss cities.

Our tour of Switzerland culminated at the Falls of the Rhine. At night when illuminated by various colored lights the falls presented a most beautiful appearance. At one time they seemed a flood of liquid silver, quickly changing to a sea of blood, only to be as quickly followed by masses of glittering gold. During the afternoon we were rowed through the foaming current to the island in the middle of the falls and felt the earth tremble beneath our feet with the force of the torrent.

The hotel at this place is a magnificent affair, with spacious grounds and gardens leading down to the river bank.

As we sat on the grand portico discussing our experiences up to

date it was with a tone of regret that we spoke of leaving a region where we had found every prospect pleasing and good treatment by all with whom we had had dealings.

We had changed our Swiss money for German marks, had passed the custom-house in safety, and had wheeled all the forenoon through the edges of the Black Forest on our way to Freiburg.

"We are nearly to Titisee, boys," said the Manager, as we stopped at a drinking fountain for rest and refreshment.

"Glad to hear it," said Barlow, who was always in a hurry to reach the day's objective point no matter how pleasant the way. "You haven't shown us that wonderful coast yet that you've said so much about. Guess it must have disappeared since last year."

Barlow enjoyed "kicking," and always indulged when possible, though at heart he was one of the best of fellows.

"Wait a moment," said the Manager, with a twinkle of the eye.

Just at that moment Baxter and Harry Lane came up. In their anxiety to be first at the fountain they managed to run against each other. Result, a badly buckled wheel for Baxter, that could not be repaired without skilled assistance. This was the first serious accident, and great was the lamentation.

"It's but a half mile to Titisee," said the Manager, "and from there you can take the rail to Freiburg."

"And lose the ride through the Hollenthal!" moaned Baxter.

"I don't believe that amounts to much," said Barlow. "Can't come up to the slide down the Juras, anyway, and it looks like rain, too. I'm anxious to get to Freiburg and look over the place. Pay my fare on the cars and you may take my wheel, and I'll take yours on the train and send it to the repairer."

"Good enough," cried Baxter, and the bargain was completed.

Titisee is a little German summer resort, and consists of several hotels on the shore of a small lake.

While we were eating dinner the clouds began to gather over the forest, and Barlow chuckled at the good bargain he had made with Baxter.

"It will rain in about half an hour," he comfortingly remarked, "and then you'll all wish you had taken the train. I don't see any signs of a 'coast,' either."

"If you are satisfied, I am," replied Baxter, who preferred to wheel whenever possible. "I'm not afraid of a little rain."

We left Barlow and the broken wheel waiting for the train which the hotel-keeper said would be along "directly," and started for a ride of fifteen miles to Freiburg,

We had not gone far when the road started down hill between high cliffs. Then begun one of the longest and grandest slides of the whole tour. The down grade was not steep but it was constant, and with a

finger on the brake and feet at rest, we let the wheels glide through the picturesque gorge for a distance of many miles. It was a market-day aud the road was full of the peasants of the forest in costumes that looked like the chorus in an opera. We laughed and shouted from mere exhilaration of spirits, we woke the echoes with "squawkers" and bells, and finally, just as the rain began to fall we dashed into the court yard of the Hotel Victoria, after one of the finest runs of the trip.

We found, to our surprise, that Barlow had not yet arrived. Nor did he show up during the progress of the table d'hote. At nine o'clock, however, while the rain was coming down in torrents, a tired, disgusted, water-soaked 'cyclist, pushing a broken wheel, appeared at the hotel door in charge of a young German, who disappeared after a coin of the realm had been bestowed upon him by his companion.

Yes, it was Barlow. But how changed from the erstwhile "scorcher," who aforetime had been first to reach the various halting-grounds.

"Never had such a beastly time in all my life," growled he, as he divested himself of his watery garments. "That blessed train didn't show up for an hour and a half after you left. Then it waited for an hour before it started back. I was the only passenger. As soon as we started I found to my horror that it was a cog road, and we simply bumped banged and jerked down hill at about a five-mile-an-hour gait. When I saw the elegant coast you had, I would have paid someone to kick me if I hadn't been alone. We went so slow I could have jumped out and walked alongside. When it grew dark and began to rain there was no light, and there I sat in the dark, the lonesomest and maddest man in Germany. At the station it was pouring, and I had to pay that tow-headed Dutchman a mark to show me the hotel. Heavens! aint I hungry."

The upper Rhine valley is a vast level plain, having the hills of the Black Forest for a background. It is kept productive by the liberal use of fertilizers, and its appearance is that of a gigantic farm. The roads are perfectly level and smooth. While riding to Strasburg we had a strong wind in the rear that caused us to fairly fly along. Sixteen miles in an hour was accomplished by nearly all the party. Seven weeks of steady wheeling had made strong riders of even the weakest, and it would have taken some time to have picked out twenty as hardy road-riders as we had become.

At Strasburg we saw the famous clock, watched the long-legged storks standing on the chimney tops, walked through the grand new palace of the Emperor, and got our first impression of the strength of the German army. In this city twenty thousand troops are quartered, and marching and drilling seems the order of the day.

While standing before the great clock waiting for the cock to crow, we were accosted by a young man who saw that we were wheelmen, and told by our conversation that we were Americans.

"Do you mean to say you have wheeled all the way from the English Channel?" he inquired of Hobbs.

"Certainly," replied Hobbs. "Why not? The roads surely are good enough."

"And you have had a good time?"

"Rather; there's every reason why we should, and no reason why we shouldn't."

"Well," said the young man, who proved to be Harry Blanchard of New Britain, Conn., "I, too, started over here on a bicycle tour with a friend, but my experience has not been like yours. We landed in Glasgow, and wheeled to London. Would have had a good time if it hadn't rained all the time, and we could have got something to eat besides roast beef, mutton-chop, and ham and eggs, topped off with Scotch marmalade and gooseberry tarts — horrible things those tarts, blown-up crust with a little sour preserve in the bottom of the dish. We got to London, and then my friend run through with so much of his money that he decided to start for home. I kept on, crossed ths English Channel and started for Paris. Trouble began at once. Not knowing the language I couldn't ask questions. Paid a tax on my wheel, which I didn't get back, for a starter. They overcharged at hotels, and when I expostulated in English the landlord would shrug his shoulders and smile. Seemed easy enough to get to Paris with the road all signboarded, but somehow I lost my way twice, and was four days' doing what I should have accomplished in two. Then it was so lonesome to hear people talking, and you not know what they are saying and having to keep your mouth shut except at meal times. When I did get to Paris I had got enough. So I sold my wheel, and bought a circular tour ticket of Gaze and am doing the sights by train. It's getting to be a good deal like work. Wish I had my wheel now. Would join you mighty quick. Big mistake. You're having a better time than I and it hasn't cost you so much. Will call on you at the hotel."

Having had no care about finding the way, or dickering with hotel men, and being surrounded by a party of friends who were always talking, we had not realized how different it would have been under circumstances similar to those described by Mr. Blanchard.

With the exception of one rainy day we had fine weather down the Rhine. We passed through a succession of splendid cities and gay watering-places; we went to the beer halls and heard fine music for little money. We saw the grand monument of Germania, and ruined castles without end. Some of the party made a century run just for the fun of it, between Heidelburg and Frankfort-on-the-Main, doubling on their tracks in order to work in the distance. At Cologne we stopped two days, saw a big fair in progress, visited all the prominent places of interest, and then passed on to Holland.

Holland is a very peculiar country. The first peculiarity is its flatness. To one accustomed to hills and valleys it is difficult to realize that he will not come to elevated ground sooner or later. Over vast green pasture land hundreds of black and white cattle were grazing, while in whatever direction you looked windmills, with long, sweeping

arms dotted the landscape. The slow-moving canal boats, the peasants, queerly dressed from our point of view, and the general air of peace and quietness, caused us to realize that Holland was not like other lands. In Rotterdam the vessels penetrated by the canals to all parts of the city, and look wherever you will you see masts and chimneys apparently side by side.

At this point the party broke up. Some of them went directly home by the Royal Netherlands line, others returned to Paris, two went to Berlin, four to Norway and the remainder to England. We had become expert in the ways of getting about and felt capable of paddling our own canoe, in case we had to.

We celebrated the completion of the tour by a grand dinner, where much enthusiasm at the grand success of our summer outing was manifested. But at the end we relapsed into quietness that we tried in vain to thaw off. The fact was beginning to dawn upon us that the jolly set of twenty Americans would never all meet again. We had been together so long, had shared so much pleasure and stood by each other through thick and thin that we had become almost like brothers.

Many earnest words of regret were spoken, many promises to meet again were made — some of which I am afraid will never be kept.

"It seems a year since I left home, said Baxter. "How much I have seen, how much I have enjoyed since then. I realize that I know a good deal more about the world than I did when I started, that I never could have learned from books. It has done me good in many ways and I'm glad I came, although I rather dreaded going so far from home at first. I hope, Mr. Burke, we shall meet again."

"I hope so, too, said I, and I trust you will have a pleasant trip home."

This was said on the deck of the good ship Rotterdam that was to take Baxter to New York. I was one of the four that went to Norway.

I wish I could find time and space to relate what I saw in the land of wild grandeur of sea and shore. But the curtain must fall.

In this brief outline of our summer trip a-wheel I have left out so much that I am afraid the reader will think we passed many things on our line of march that he expected to be told about. Rest assured that such was not the case. Had I started to put into type a record of all we saw and did, of the churches, castles, palaces and chateaux that we explored, of the interesting sights and incidents while on the road, of the fun at the hotels and in the town after the evening meal, of the evenings at the cafes and concert halls, and the delight of riding over perfect roads amid new and novel surroundings, I should surprise even myself and raise suspicion in the minds of those who may happen to glance over these pages. In conclusion I would say, if you doubt it, go and do likewise.

Roadside Shrine.

THE ELWELL

European Bicycle Tours.

To all who appreciate the pleasures afforded by the use of the modern bicycle; who enjoy a vacation in the open air amid beautiful scenery in a land traversed by splendid highways, and when to this is added the attractions of the grandest cities of the world, abounding in historical interest, and filled with many of the most wonderful creations of man, a European tour possesses an irresistible attraction. The magnificent specimens of architecture presented in castles, palaces, and cathedrals, filled with the most beautiful works of art, the greatest works of the greatest artists, the quaintness of the old walled towns, the picturesqueness of the villages and their inhabitants, the grandeur of the mighty Alps and beauties of the Swiss lakes and valleys, act as an inspiration to the young, and a tonic to the man of middle age. Such an outing offers health, pleasure and instruction — if all goes well.

But it is not to be expected that a person unacquainted with the languages, manners and customs of the different countries can, on his first trip abroad, unassisted find his way about without worry, trouble, and some loss of time and money. His time would be largely taken up in ascertaining directions, what is best worth seeing, and protecting himself against the rapacity of those with whom he has money transactions. If such a tour is to be the only one he is likely to take, every moment should be made to count, and not be wasted in working his way.

These facts are now so thoroughly appreciated by travellers that the vast majority avail themselves of the services of the great tourist agents, who take them over the desired route in the best possible manner, and at a great saving of time, temper and money.

If such service is desirable over the beaten tracks of travel how much more is it necessary on a tour a-wheel, where the rider is taken through many out-of-the way places far from the centres where his coming is expected, and his wants provided for. If trouble is experienced in getting from place to place by train, how difficult must it be when travelling by the highway?

If you go for health, you wish to be care free, if for pleasure you do

not want to be bothered with the multifarious details of travel, and if for instruction, you want to devote your time to the innumerable masterpieces of Europe and not in haggling with hotel-keepers, custom-house officers, and a class of people who get their living by preying on inexperienced travellers.

More than all else, however, will you appreciate the company of congenial fellow-countrymen in lands where the language is unfamiliar, and whose companionship prevents any feeling of lonesomeness or home-sickness so often experienced. In case of accident or illness the presence of friends able and anxious to befriend is an inestimable boon.

It is with pleasure we present the following program of our fourth season of European tours.

Gentlemen's Tour.

This party will leave New York June 4th, on the magnificent steamer La Bretagne, of the French trans-Atlantic line. No better boat crosses the Atlantic. The table and attendance are beyond criticism. The party will land at

Havre — One of the greatest seaports of France. Its docks and piers are among the finest in the world. We remain over here one day at the grand Hotel Frascati, in order to make thorough preparation for our ride to Paris. Leaving Havre our route takes us through

Lillebonne — Splendid specimen of Roman circus is to be seen here.

Caudebec — One of the prettiest and most picturesque little towns in France, with its old wooden houses and elm-shaded quays. Has a fine Gothic church of the 15th century.

Rouen — One of the largest manufacturing cities in France. Splendidly built. Contains the magnificent church of St. Ouen, which has the loftiest spire in France. Here Jeanne D'Arc was burned at the stake by the English in 1431.

St. Germaine — A city of 15,000 inhabitants, remarkable for the beauty of its location. From the Terrace a most magnificent view is presented. Here is the splendid palace built by Francis I.

Paris — Quite a village. We remain here one week.

Leaving Paris we ride over perfect roads through the grand old forest of Fontainebleau to the town of that name.

Fontainebleau — Here is one of the finest palaces in France. A complete lesson in architecture. The forest and palace grounds are most beautiful, as are also the interiors. Some of the most important events in French history have taken place here. Leaving Fontainebleau we start on a three-hundred-mile ride to Geneva. Among the places passed through will be

SENS—One of the most picturesque towns in France, with very narrow streets.

TONNERRE—In this town is a remarkable arcaded well where the washing is done for the entire city.

DIJON—A city of 60,000 inhabitants, delightfully situated in a fertile plain, at the base of the vine-clad hills which produce the most famous Burgundy wines.

DOLE—A well-built town in the department of the Jura. Vineyards are on every hand. First view of the Jura Mountains.

We are soon climbing up and down the mountains. Superb scenery. After spending one night in the little city of Morez we climb the outer walls of the Jura and coasting down the other side arrive at the City of

GENEVA—One of the chief cities of Switzerland. Beautifully situated on Lake Leman.

From here the party will visit

CHAMOUNI—Magnificent view of Mt. Blanc. Cross the Mer de Glace. Then over mountain roads, down the famous Zig-zags to Vernayaz. Visit the Gorges of the Trient. Ride down the beautiful valley of the Rhone to Aigle. Visit the celebrated Castle of Chillon. From Aigle we climb up the valley of the Simmenthal, and then follows a 20-mile ride down hill to

THUN—Chief city of the Bernese Oberland. Delightful place. Second-story sidewalks.

The road from here to Interlaken affords one of the finest rides to be found in the world. It runs along the lake, under tunnels out of the solid rock, passes chateaux and castles, and finally through meadows and orchards to

INTERLAKEN—A grand Swiss summer resort. Summer gardens, fine bands, grand hotels, shops full of Swiss carving, etc. Beautiful view of the Jungfrau. Then follows a side trip to

GRINDELWALD—Here we go through the experience of walking through the bowels of the glacier by means of a deep tunnel, where everything takes on a "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue" tinge; then over the Brunig Pass to the city of

LUCERNE—The quaint old bridge and tower, wonderful lion, (the finest specimen of sculpture in Switzerland—or anywhere else) and superb hotels, all add their quota to attract the tourist. But we must still on to other joys. Up the Rigi on the cog railway is next in order; the view from the summit is world-renowned—a panorama of lakes and mountains.

Descending the Rigi, we spend the night at a fine hotel on the shores of the lake of the four Cantons, and the next day take steamer for the head of the lake. Then comes the ride through the world-renowned Axenstrasse, a rocked-tunnelled road, running

close to the blue waters of the lake, and so we come to the old town of Zug.

Every day's run now seems more delightful than the preceding one, and Zurich is soon reached, where the fine Hotel Belle Vue takes us under its roof. Our next stop is at the

FALLS OF THE RHINE — We remain over a day at the grand Hotel Schweizerhof. This is the finest hotel in Switzerland, and we doubt if its equal exists anywhere. Its windows and balconies command a splendid view of the falls which are illuminated every night. The fine old castle of Laufen is on the opposite bank, full of wonderful things to pull the money from the stranger's pocket. We remain over a day here, giving time for a row through the rapids to the little island in the mouth of the falls, and various excursions. Then we are off for Germany, the Black Forest and the castle-crowned Rhine.

Our first day's ride in Germany is to the old city of

FREIBERG — Through the renowned Hollenthal. This region is a deep gorge in the Black Forest several miles in length, leading from the high land over which we have just passed to the great Rhine plain. The sides of the gorge are thickly wooded, the road, (built in 1770 by the Austrians) is wonderfully fine, running down, down for miles — never steep but with dip enough to enable one to sit with feet on rests and hand on brake, and go sliding down to Freiberg. It is a glorious coast, and almost worth walking back for a second go. Here we shall see the Black Forest peasantry in their bright and picturesque costumes — short skirts, black bodices, white puffed sleeves and fancy hats.

We are now fairly started on our long run through Germany. It soon becomes a succession of splendid cities, gay watering-places, castle-crowned hills and fertile plains. The first in line is the city of the great clock,

STRASBURG — The Germans have turned this city into a great military camp, and marching troops are met at every turn.

Gay Baden-Baden, with its concert halls, its baths, its gardens and grand hotels is our next objective point.

Then through the fine city of Carlsruhe to Heidelberg with its colleges and castle. This latter is the most beautiful ruin in all Europe, and the view from the terrace yet lingers with the writer as one of ideal beauty. In its cellars is the great tun, the biggest thing in the shape of a barrel ever constructed. It is as perfect as the day it was built. Probably the finest city we shall see in Germany is

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN — The day given to its sights will be crowded with interest.

The watering-place of Weisbaden is a city of magnificent private

villas occupied by members of the nobility of various countries, and a ride through its parks is a rare experience.

Leaving this beautiful summer home of luxury we soon enter "fair Bingen on the Rhine," previous to which we visit the colossal statue of Germania, erected by Germany on a commanding height to commemorate her late victory over the French.

Now before us stretches an ideal road for a wheelman. Close to the river it runs, smooth as ever, under wide-spreading shade trees, through red-roofed villages, by castles in all stages of decay, bringing vividly to mind the legends read when a boy, of the robber barons of these very self-same castles. Nothing could be more picturesque than their appearance perched upon the peaks of the hills which lower down are covered with vineyards, for we are now in the great wine-districts of Germany, There is forty miles of this —forty miles of as delightful out-door surroundings as can well be imagined. America has no run approaching it.

We stop at Coblenz over night and then vary the tour by a sail down the Rhine to Cologne, The Cathedral here is the grandest in Germany, and the city itself is one of the most interesting on the tour. The old part is very, very old, and the new part is on a par with any encountered on the tour. Of course we buy Cologne water.

From Cologne we pass on to Holland, and after seeing the sights of that interesting country take the steamer to London, where the party will break up, leaving members free to carry out any private schemes of travel.

Ladies' Tour.

That the lady riders of this country are daily increasing in numbers and ability is so evident that we are led to believe that a European tour arranged especially for their comfort and pleasure will be appreciated and patronized. But we do not believe that the average lady rider can cover as much ground with as little fatigue as the average man, unless a larger allowance of time is given. There are also many minor matters of detail that will be looked after on this tour, the wisdom of which will be appreciated when the time arrives.

The party will be strictly limited to twenty ladies and gentlemen. No gentleman is eligible for membership in this party unless accompanied by a lady. Ladies unaccompanied by gentlemen will be in care of the conductor.

The party will leave New York on one of the fine steamers of the Royal Netherlands line in the early part of June next, probably either the 4th or 11th. These boats, while not so magnificent as those of the French line, are most excellent sea-boats and very comfortable. The

party will land at the great French summer resort of Boulogne. This is a most delightful city, and the party will remain over here one day, and then proceed to Paris, where a week will be spent.

From Paris the route will be similar to that covered by the gentlemen's tour, with a few changes in Switzerland, made to avoid some of the more difficult grades. The route through Switzerland will be as follows: Geneva, up lake of Geneva to Lausanne, Berne, Thun, Interlaken, Giesbach Falls, Lucerne, Zug, Zurich, Falls of the Rhine. The route through Germany will be the same as the Gentlemen's Tour. At Rotterdam the steamer will be taken for home by those who purchase round trip tickets. All others are free to go where they may elect. As this will be the first tour of the kind, every effort is being made by the management to make it perfect in every detail. We trust our reputation in these matters will be taken as evidence of our ability to carry out every detail in a most satisfactory manner. For many reasons it is particularly desirable that this party be made up as soon as possible, as by so doing many advantages can be obtained.

PACE.

Our parties travel at the rate of about thirty-five miles a day. If the covering of ground was the only object we should make the distances greater, as the roads are fine. But there is so much to see and enjoy that undue haste would entail a loss of opportunity to see half that offers. In any event there will be ample time in which to accomplish the day's run without fatigue.

HOTELS.

It is needless to remark that there are many grades of hotels in Europe. Our experience has been that the best are the cheapest, for many reasons. Our list of hotels include many of the finest in Europe. These hotels are almost always located near the principal places of interest and accordingly save time to the sight-seer, to say nothing of their internal comforts. On arriving at each hotel you see the number of your room already assigned, and you have only to go to it, remove the evidences of the day's run, and then you are ready to do the town at your leisure.

COST OF TOURS.

How many people have figured the cost of a European tour, trying to see if it could not be done for little or nothing! How many have found that theory and practice were two very different things! The fact is, that if you order and receive at a European hotel what you would naturally expect at a hotel in the States, the cost would be about the same. Food, such as demanded by Americans, is not cheap in Europe. In this connection let us quote from that great traveller and guide-book writer, Thomas W. Knox, than whom there is no one better posted, and who can be thoroughly relied upon. In his "Pocket Guide for Europe,"

published but two years ago, and since which there have been no cut in prices, he says: "An allowance of $5 a day, *in addition to railway and steamship fares*, will meet the requirements of travellers who are inclined to economy, beyond this we can easily ascend to ten or twelve dollars, when we reach the domain of luxury." We have found this to be strictly true. Our tours are planned to afford the tourist everything necessary for reasonable comfort (for there is small pleasure in going through Europe and stinting one's self on good food or good lodging) at the lowest possible priee. Our arrangements with steamships and hotels are as advantageous as can possibly be secured. The cost of the Gentlemen's Tour of seventy-five days, (sixty-five on land) is $350.

This includes the trip over on one of the finest steamers in the world, all hotel expenses, (except laundry bills), and steamship rides on the Swiss lakes and the river Rhine, also the ride up the Rigi on the railway. Only the morning meal in Paris is reckoned in this, however, as the party can save time by lunching in whatever quarter of the city they may happen to be in. This should not cost more than ten dollars additional. No cheaper European tours for the same length of time, quality of steamers and hotels, and embracing so many of the great centres of interest, has ever been offered.

The cost of the ladies' tour will be $310 for the round trip of seventy-two days, or $260 if return ticket is not taken.

On receipt of a deposit of $25 a berth on steamer will immediately be assigned you, and plan of cabin forwarded with your stateroom marked. Desposit, less $5, will be returned anytime previous to two weeks before the party starts, in case something should happen to prevent your going.

We cannot too earnestly urge the importance of an early application. As the party is limited as to number we shall, as soon as that number is reached, devote our time to the members, put them in communication with their stateroom companions, and attend to the many little details of travel, that are constantlv cropping up, in spite of our efforts to provide for everything.

If thought necessary or desirable we could publish a large number of testimonials from those who have participated in our previous tours, but the following extract from a personal letter, from one of our '91 tourists will show how they are appreciated by all:

GIRARD, O., Nov. 19th 1891.

* * * * "But I want to tell you how satisfied I was with the whole trip, and express my hearty appreciation of your efforts for the success of the tour. The tour was a grand one, and all that one through those countries could be.

The convenience of travelling under such management in a country where the language and customs are not understood are too numerous to be enumerated here. I can heartily recommend the tour to all who contemplate a European trip a-wheel. It is *the only way* to see the country." * * *

F. R. GOODRICH.

Hints and Suggestions.

In a general way it may be said that to carry nothing but what is really necessary should be the aim of all travellers. In as brief a manner as possible we will give our ideas as to what *should* be taken, leaving it to the members to add what they think they cannot get along without.

CLOTHING.

For the voyage wear any dark suit of medium weight, an overcoat, a cap that will not blow off (your bicycle cap will do) and all-wool underclothing.

In a valise or steamer trunk, have a bicycle suit, with extra pair of pants. Have the pants made "baggy," as they are more comfortable, wear longer, and, to our mind, look better; a light-weight citizen's suit to wear while in Paris, unless you intend to wear the same suit there that you do on the steamer; 2 pairs of bicycle stockings, 2 bicycle shirts 2 pair of light all-wool underclothing; 1 sweater; 1 pair of bicycling shoes with extra heavy sole (2 pair of shoes would not be a bad idea) handkerchiefs, etc. The only other articles necessary to have in trunk will be some of the bicycle accessories, such as luggage-carriers, etc,

ON THE WHEEL.

On the wheel you should carry: 1 change of underflannels, 1 sweater, 1 flannel shirt, 1 pair of stockings, extra handkerchief, toilet articles, etc.

With the exception of the toilet articles these should all be taken on a Lamson Tourist Luggage Carrier. As these Carriers are only made to order they should be ordered as early as possible. C. H. Lamson, Portland, Me. Have a piece of enamel cloth (1½ yards long and 1 yard wide is about the right size) in which to roll the aforesaid articles.

The toilet articles I should take on a Barkman Carrier. Sold by A. G. Spaulding & Bros., 241 New York City. Have an enamel-cloth bag made to put the toilet articles in, and have it fasten with a strap and buckle.

LADIES' OUTFIT.

In a general way the ladies' will equip themselves for the tour as we have indicated in our hints to gentlemen riders. As regards costume, we do not presume to dictate, as we suppose they know all about it It goes without saying that comfort in dress is one of the prime requisites for enjoying wheeling, and comfort depends upon having a dress that gives freedom, shoes that fit, a hat that stays on, and all of a color that fraternizes with dust and of material that perspiration cannot undo.

CAMERAS.

Kodak cameras have been taken by a great many members of our parties, and the pictures thus secured have been of great interest. So

many different ways for carrying them have been tried with about equal success that we cannot say which way is the best.

If you shave be sure and take a razor, as European barbers, as a rule, are very bad.

BICYCLE SUIT.

For the bicycle suit I know of no cloth better fitted for a tour than the L. A. W. cloth. It is strong, does not show dirt, and always looks well. It is also very reasonable in price. If you are not a member of the League (which you ought to be if you are a rider) you had best join at once.

FOUNTAIN PEN.

If you intend to do any writing you had best provide yourself with a fountain pen. We have tried quite a number of makes, and think the Waterman pen, by all odds the best.

BICYCLES.

Ride an American-made wheel. For our purpose there is none better, and few as good. As to tire we can only say that the pneumatic, when it is "good is very, very good, but when it is bad it is horrid." However, this opinion is based on our exerience of last year. Great improvements are claimed to have been made for the coming season. The cushion is better than a solid, but not so good as a pneumatic: it is a safe tire, however, which is a point in its favor.

Thinking that many of our party would like to ride a new wheel on the tour, we have made arrangements with the Pope Manufacturing Company, whereby members of our party will receive a discount of 25 per cent. on all Columbia wheels. We believe, from our experience on long distance tours, the Columbia wheel to be the equal of any wheel now on the market, and the superior of most. However, if you prefer another make, you had best ride it even if it costs you more, as otherwise you will be continually wishing you had, and blame us for putting you on the wrong wheel. We are agents for no wheel, and only select the Columbia because we cannot enter into negotiations with all the numerous makers now in the market, and because we believe the Columbia to be among the very first.

Whatever wheel you ride buy it in this country. If an English wheel you will have to pay duty on your return even if you bought it in this country.

We are satisfied that the discount given our party by the Pope Manufacturing Company is larger than that given their agents, but is given because they consider it of value as an advertisement for the European party to ride their wheel abroad. No discount is ever given in this country.

All orders for Columbia wheels for our party must be sent direct to the office of the Co., 221 Columbus Ave., (and *not* given to your local agent.

Send the regular price; and the discount will be remitted to you in New York just before the party starts. This method is adapted to make sure that you are a bona fide member of the party.

PASSPORTS.

There will be no need of a passport unless you intend to go to Spain Russia or Turkey, after leaving the party.

PERSONAL FUNDS.

We recommend that personal funds be carried in the shape of coupons of the Cheque Bank. They are furnished in any amount from $5 up; are very handy, and as good as gold. They give the greatest of satisfaction.

How much is necessary for "pin money" will vary greatly with the individual. Under ordinary circumstances $50 should be enough, for theatres, "treats" by the roadside, photos of the various places, inexpensive souvenirs for friends at home, etc. If taken sick (of which there is always a chance) of course it would cost you something for doctor's bill, railroading, etc. In fact, take as much as you wish to spend, remembering that you are not obliged to spend over $25 unless you want to for your own pleasure. We attend to custom-house dues, fees, etc.

DEPOSIT.

The price of tour, minus deposit of $25 (which should certainly be made before April 1st.)must be sent us two weeks previous to sailing. The entire amount less $25 will be returned if you are prevented from going. If notified two weeks before time of starting the entire amount less $5 will be returned. This is done to hold berth on steamer. In other words it will cost you $5 to have stateroom berth held for you up to two weeks previous to sailing, and $25 after that date. This steamer is invariably crowded at the date of our sailing, and it will be a great help to us in holding rooms if deposits are made at the earliest possible moment. All deposits made in January, February and March will be returned entire if we are notified before April 1st. that you cannot go.

If you are the possessor of a fine watch we advise you to leave it at home. After you have left New York, the time will be changing nearly every day, and it does a watch no good, to say the least, to be continually moving the hands. Bicycle riding also increases the liability of accidents to watches, and the better the watch the more liability. Better buy a cheap Waterbury or something of that sort which you can change every day, and if anything happens to it there is no great loss.

RUBBER CLOTHING.

Personally we think rubber clothing a delusion and a snare. If

made light enough for comfort they leak, and if heavy enough to keep out the rain, they put one into a profuse perspiration.

The only rubber garment we would recommend is rubber sleeves, made to fit snugly about the wrists. The arms always get the severest wetting, and protection here is a good thing.

LABELS.

Labels to be tacked on bicycle crates will be sent to each member of the tour in ample season for forwarding to New York. This label contains complete directions and will insure the wheel being sent to its proper destination.

ITINERARIES.

The official route book of the party, containing each day's run, distance, hotels, hints, etc., probably cannot be given the members until the day of starting, as the forms will be held as late as possible in order that none of the party need be omitted.

There are always a few who come in at the last moment. Should our party be completed earlier, the book will be forwarded sooner. It will be bound in leather, and in convenient form for the pocket. Let us know the make of wheel you ride, for this fact will be put opposite your name.

You will also be furnished with a quantity of slips containing the dates of our arrival at the chief places en route, name of hotel, etc., for the convenience of your friends who have promised to write you.

TRUNKS.

All trunks will be forwarded by the management to the Continental Hotel, Paris. From there on, their disposition will be at the option of the different members of the party. Opinions vary so much in regard to what is absolutely necessary and how much must be carried, that the management does not undertake to decide the matter, but would suggest that it is a very handy thing to have your trunk meet you at least once a week in the larger places. You then can make up deficiencies that may have occurred in your wardrobe, or pack any little souvenirs you may have bought along the road. And if the stay in town is of at least a day's duration, you can appear in ordinary citizen's dress, which is sometimes a very pleasant thing to do. The entire cost of putting a trunk over the road, meeting you on an average of once a week, would be somewhere in the neighborhood of $5.00. We would suggest that a good arrangement would be for two members of the party to pool their issues on one trunk to be sent over the road, while the other, containing clothing, which could not be used, such as overcoats, heavy flannels, etc., could be sent to Rotterdam, there to be taken to England on our arrival.

RAILROADING.

In case of prolonged wet weather, it might be advisable to take the train. In this case the extra expense must be borne by the individual.

This sum cannot be estimated in making up the expense of the tour, as some would prefer to ride, even if it did rain a little, while others would be determined to go on the train. The management reserves the right to decide whether the party shall lay over a day on account of rain, or go ahead. This possible outlay for training need not alarm any one. as in all probability it will not occur more than once on the trip, and if it does will probably not amount to more than a dollar or two. Last year not a cent was spent on this account. We make this announcement, however, to prevent all dispute upon the subject after the tour has been started.

We have endeavored to the best of our ability to make everything clear regarding the tours. If anything has been overlooked it will give us great pleasure to answer all questions that may be asked in regard to our trip.

Very respectfully,

ELWELL & HIGGINS,

152 Pearl St., Portland, Me,

CYCLISTS,

Whilst wheeling in Europe will find Cheque Bank Cheques the most convenient form of Foreign Exchange to carry.

The Cheques are put up in small books, in amounts from £1 and upwards, available as ready cash in the Currency of any Country, and good at 3000 Banks and 1000 Hotels.

For Information and Circulars, Apply to

E. J. MATHEWS & CO.,

2 Wall Street, New York City.

THERE WERE FIVE WISE

And five foolish virgins. You remember the story. See to it that you are one of the wise and on the coming tour ride only the best and highest grade wheel on the market, namely, a

COLUMBIA.

The larger number of wheels ridden in last year's tour were Columbias. A word to the wise should be sufficient.

Our new Century is fully adapted to long distance riding. It is light, strong, durable and handsome. It has pneumatic tires. The weight the rider puts upon these seldom exceeds 50 pounds, although the bursting strain as tested is 135 pounds. It weighs only 44 pounds all on.

Our Columbia Ladies' Safety has either cushion or pneumatic tires. Its new handle bar allows the rider to assume only a natural and graceful position. A large number of testimonials already received for this machine is the best evidence of the high position it holds in the public esteem.

Columbias are the Best.

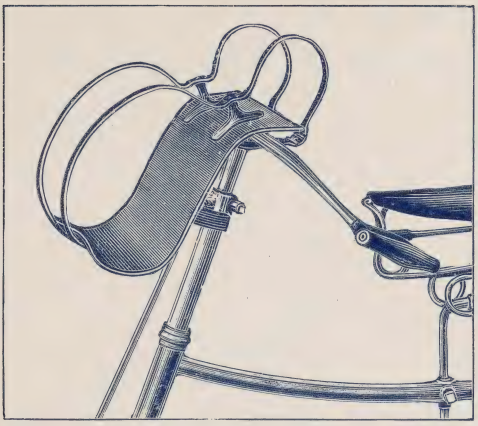
POPE M'F'G CO.,

221 Columbus Avenue,

BOSTON, MASS.

12 Warren St., New York. 291 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

FACTORY, HARTFORD, CONN.



LAMSON'S

No. 5 Tourists

Luggage Carrier.

Every member of Elwell's Europeon tour of '91 used one of these Carriers and every one proved perfectly satisfactory.

Lamson's No. 5 Carrier Pat. May 26, '91, $3.50. Other lighter Carriers are No. 1, $1.00, No. 4, 1.25, No. 4d, 1.50.

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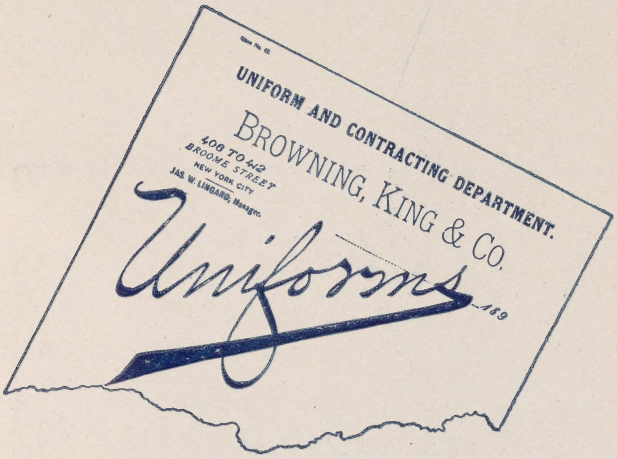

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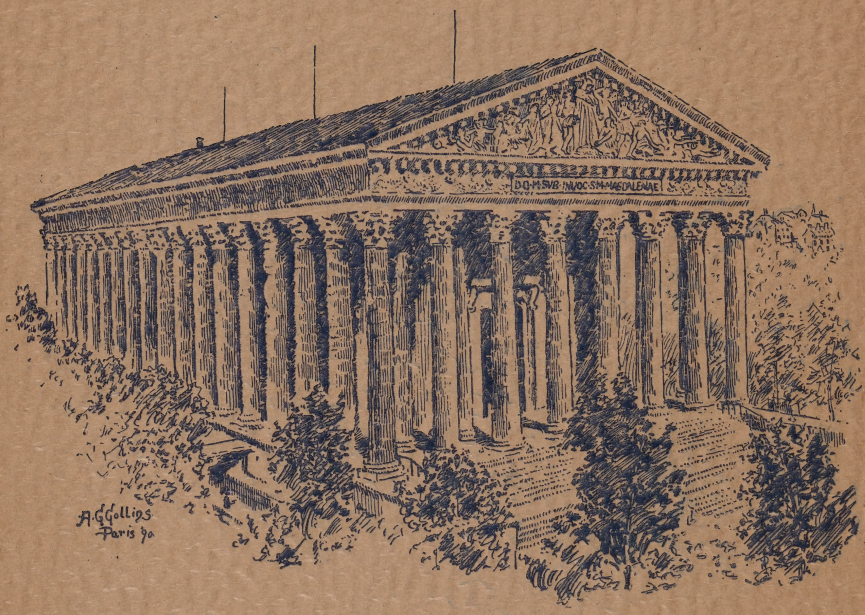

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